

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

In Memoriam

MRS. NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB

"Of such as she was there are few on earth;
Of such as she is there are many in Heaven;
And life is all the sweeter that she lived,
And all she loved more sacred for her sake;
And death is all the brighter that she died,
And Heaven is all the happier that she's there."

Published by The

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

SACO, MAINE

BOSTON, MASS.

Vol. XLI No. 12

December, 1918

The Missionary Helper

TERMS: Fifty Cents per year, IN ADVANCE Single Copies Five Cents

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Branch Office, 107 Howland St., Boston, Mass., MISS A. M. MOSHER, *Agent.*

To whom all matters relating to subscriptions should be sent

Entered as second-class matter February 5, 1906, at the post office at Saco, Maine, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 24, 1918.

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The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

VOL. XLI.

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 12

FAIR WEATHER FORECAST

When I awake I will be still,—receptive to infinite Love, perfect peace and unfailing strength, by which my spirit, mind and body must daily be quickened and refreshed.

I will make my own sunshine, regardless of weather, and radiate it to as many people as possible, beginning with the nearest even if they be not the dearest.

I will work cheerily, with merry heart and sunny face, if I can; but, whate'er befall, I will try to be brave, patient, charitable and kind.

I will be swift to see and accept any helps by the way; equally swift to see when and where and how I can help someone else.

At the close of day, I will again give myself and all whom I can serve into the Father's care, and it will be

“Good Night.”

Hopestill Farnham.

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

A SAINT

Her life was like a melody that minor strains make rarer,
But oh, she kept the pain of it and always gave the sweet;
Her heart was pure as mountain snows, her face than lilies fairer,
Her love was strong and tender and her pity was complete.

No heart so high, no life so low, she could not touch in blessing,
Her home was like a shadowed place amid the desert sands,
Where little children loved her well, and sinful souls, confessing,
Came, eager for the bread of life that fell from out her hands.

And when at last her life was done, or when she found a fairer,
The music faltered not at all, but perfect and complete,
Was in our hearts a melody, that minor strains made rarer,—
For oh, she kept the pain of it and always gave the sweet.

Hopestill Farnham.

NOTE:—This poem, written by Mrs. Whitcomb and published in the *Missionary Helper* at the time of her mother's death, seems also fitting to the memory of her own life.

In Memoriam
MRS. NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB

June 16, 1861—November 13, 1918



For twenty-four years Editor of the Missionary Helper

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

"From the Editor's desk" the Editor has gone. This month a lonely desk is standing, longing for its accustomed privilege of being the confidant of the Editor, of being the first to receive the helpful words and thoughts awaited by readers and friends.

This month her desk is standing in a new place, but around it must ever cling the spirit of her who has long been the inspiration and the loved friend of many. It is certain that the Helper has for many years been a part of Mrs. Whitcomb's life. Must we not feel that her spirit is still a part of our Missionary magazine? It will be impossible for one of us to read or to write the "Helper" in these next days without seeing through her eyes, and judging by her standards, and working toward her desires.

It is almost Christmas, and as we hear the familiar message of "Peace on earth, good will toward men", we may rejoice that before God called our Editor, early enough so that she might hear and understand the meaning of the bells of celebration, came the news of the victorious world peace, in which she had been so interested and for which she had prayed.

As the world rejoiced in a spirit sweet,
In a link between earth and its God,
A noble soul made her life complete,
And from pain to joy, with a kindly nod,
He called her Home.

But her heart is now a happier heart,
And she finds but joy alone;
For her life is now of Heaven a part,
And she "knows as she is known"
In the great Beyond.

"In the mind of God, in the hearts of friends"—
In that thought must sorrow cease!
In the mind of God no pure life ends,
And we know with what victory, beauty, and peace
Her soul still lives.

In nobler deeds, and in thoughts more high,
May the world express its love.
Heaven seems so real, and it comes so nigh,
As to surer faith in God above
Her spirit leads.

DORIS ELIZABETH FOLSOM,
Assistant Editor.

THE STORY OF HER LIFE

By Abbie Hall Fairfield

When we think of the friend whose life on earth has so recently closed, we have no feeling of an end of life; the life was so clearly, for many years, lived largely in the world of spirit, that her going forth is to her, we know, a release from pampering limitations, and an entering upon her real life. Not long ago, speaking of the effects of the great war upon the souls of men, the broader views of life and death, she said, "I can say now things that I have always wanted to say, but that would not have been understood before." But to all her friends her deep spiritual life was evident; yet not in a way that prevented her sympathy with human joys and sorrows, her practical common sense, her loving helpfulness in daily life, or her sense of humor. Her nature was so well-balanced, so rounded and complete, that it is not easy to select special characteristics for appreciation. A very old friend of her youth called her always "the white carnation"; to her she was purity and fragrance. In working with her, one recognized efficiency and fairness; in conversation, breadth of view, wide reading, clear thinking; everywhere, clear-shining truth and love.

Nellie Wade, daughter of E. D. Wade and Mary R. Dyer Wade, was born in Parkman, Maine, June 16, 1861. When she was three years old, her parents moved to Foxcroft, and later to Dover, Maine. She received her education at Foxcroft Academy, and at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine, where she graduated in 1880. Her appreciation of literature was keen and true, and she always read widely. Early in life she developed a marked talent for poetry, writing under the name of Hopestill Farnham. Verses, both published and unpublished, lyrics, sonnets, and longer poems, show ability that, if cultivated, might have led to wide recognition. The following, written years ago, shows her appreciation of nature, and of the oneness of all things in God.

"Wind o' the West, that has wandered o'er wide-spreading plains,
And beaten to billows the beautiful tall prairie grasses,
Thy breath on my face brings a vision of delicate dawns,
Of days in the open, and marvelous sunsets,
A taste of the sea as it beats on a far-away shore;
And I mind me of mountains as old as the ages
That lift their white grandeur above the grey clouds;
I follow thee freely across the great spaces,
Till thou dost enfold me. I think of thy life,
And all that thou hast been, I am in my dreaming:
And sunset, and mountains, and ocean, and prairie,
And thou, too, and I, are but glimpses of God".

This well represents one side of her nature. Her letters, her

unique notes accompanying little gifts always suited to the recipient and the occasion, her notes of appreciation, many intimate bits of writing, reveal a quaint, tender humor that reminds one of the delicate recluse, Emily Dickinson.

In 1882 Nellie Wade was married to Mr. Sargent Whitcomb of Lawrence, Kansas, brother of Rev. S. C. Whitcomb, a late well-known, and much loved preacher of this state. The climate of the west so seriously affected her health that she was finally obliged to return to Maine. The home at Ocean Park, at first a summer home, later a permanent home for herself, her father and mother, was a center of the activities of the missionary society, so dear to all the family. In 1895 Mrs. Whitcomb became editor of the *MISSIONARY HELPER*, and for the rest of her life, this was her serious, and best loved work: she never had a vacation, and even failing health did not prevent her preparing the larger part of the copy for the November number. As long as her strength would allow, she was actively interested in everything that tended toward the advance of the race: her missionary work and her home work, first; then the W. C. T. U., Red Cross, Woman Suffrage, Woman's Club work, all received their share of her attention. Her knowledge of India was wide and thorough. She had a good library of books relating to India, and many India curios. Missionary classes, clubs, and groups of friends, often enjoyed an exhibition of these curios and her most instructive explanations.

The last years of her life were spent in her home at Ocean Park, with her sister, Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder. The two sisters, alone except for each other, both widowed, still kept in the home such an atmosphere of love and good cheer, of hope and help, that a visit there was always a rest and a blessing. Even to the end, she sent loving messages to friends. The following verses, written very recently, so well express herself that to quote them is perhaps the best appreciation of her:—

“Lilies, lilies, lilies,—how I see them shining,
Softly, whitely shining along the garden ways!
What if I am dying, what if I am lying
Helpless and inadequate, all the nights and days?
Still my spirit regnant, with the new life pregnant—
Yielding weary body to the restful sod,—

Faces toward the Brightness, out through lanes of whiteness,
Lilies, lilies, lilies, all the way to God!”

Biddeford, Maine.

REMINISCENCES

Childhood—Mrs. Annie B. Emerson

My acquaintance with Nellie Wade Whitcomb dates back to the time when she was between four and five years of age, when I knew her as a playmate of my younger sister. She was rather a quiet and retiring child, but even then showed a sweetness and a wisdom in advance of her years, the same traits that made her adult life such an influence for good.

Her child life was uneventful. She attended the village schools, was a faithful and conscientious student, and as she grew toward young womanhood she drew around her a small circle of intimate friends, composed of the most cultured girls of the community. She had many friends but only a few intimates.

She came into the church in her early teens. There she still evinced her modesty, for, though always willing to assist in the different branches of work, she never put herself forward or sought for honors or position. Her influence was always uplifting and the atmosphere in which she was enveloped tended to win the respect and admiration of all who knew her.

Dover, Maine.

School Days—Mrs. A. D. Chapman

It is fitting that the co-workers of Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb should bring tributes and that those who loved her should speak of her life and her influence. Hers was a rare spirit and her influence was far-reaching for good.

She seemed a "phantom of delight" when first I knew her, as a student at Maine Central Institute. My seatmate at chapel and in class, I counted myself supremely happy when I was permitted to accompany her on our school walks or visit her in her room. Never was her influence over me exerted for anything but good. Always, after a visit with her, I found my belief in God firmer and my desire for right living stronger.

In school she was studious, thorough and painstaking. Because of an accident in the winter of her last year at school, she was barred from the class room for nearly the rest of the time, studying with a tutor at home and, in one instance, taking the examination alone with the professor at school, who assured the class that she had passed a very exacting test with excellent rank.

When she was a young woman it was the delight of some of her friends to pet her, until one day she exclaimed, "If I never amount to anything in life, it will be because you will not let me." But she did amount to something in life. Handicapped as she was by a physique

that was never strong, she brought her spirit to be so in tune with the Infinite that the daily communion was sweet to her soul and a source of great strength. That I consider the greatest achievement for anyone. And out of it came great blessing to herself and to all within reach of her voice or pen.

In her girlhood and young womanhood she studied music and painting, but her life work as Editor of the MISSIONARY HELPER gave her a chance to exercise her literary talent, which was of no mean order, for the uplift of humanity. Her influence will go on and on in ever-widening circles.
Lewiston, Maine.

Neighbor and Friend—Mrs. Linda V. Jordan

A rare soul has gone to a sure and glorious reward. She was a friend for many years, and a neighbor for nearly a score, being both in an extremely fascinating way. Her keen wit and brilliancy at repartee made her a most enjoyable companion. Her ready sympathy and quick appreciation of one's need, her readiness to help wherever possible were characteristic of her very self. Whatever was rude and coarse not merely annoyed, it distressed her. She was most loyal to her friends, suffering keenly were they in trouble. While never physically strong, she was mentally and spiritually a shining light.

Ocean Park, Maine.

The Practical Woman—Laura A. De Meritte

Many, East and West, will greatly miss the presence of our Editor and Friend, Nellie Wade Whitcomb. People knew her only to love her. After hearing in October of her serious illness one of her long time admirers said, "This is the deepest grief that has come to me for many a long day."

She had deep insight into spiritual things, a fine literary taste, and an atmosphere that radiated love and good will to all. As one who has lived in her home I know she was the same beautiful character there that she was everywhere else.

There is a side to her character, however, that the public did not know as well as did the inner circle. It was the practical. Not long ago a lady told me of an experience she had with Mrs. Whitcomb last winter. The lady said she was "amazed" at Mrs. Whitcomb's ability to adjust herself quickly to an emergency. She always knew what to do and how to do it.

Her home, named "The Hermitage", in Ocean Park, on Temple Avenue, that has entertained many readers of the MISSIONARY

HELPER is a good illustration of this practicality. The Hermitage was built over eighteen years ago when her parents were both living. She made the plans and superintended the erection of the building. Those who have seen it know how attractive it is outside and in. Here is the room, overlooking a little park of pine trees, also Mrs. Whitcomb's property, where she edited THE HELPER. In this room is a large library of choice literature, and a cabinet of curios with which she delighted to entertain her friends. In the restful atmosphere of her study she quietly slipped out of the earthly life.

In all the details of her work as Editor she was very careful and exact. A woman in the office where THE HELPER is published says her copy was so carefully prepared that there were no corrections to make, and she was always on time.

Unless one knew Mrs. Whitcomb well, one would hardly associate her with the commonplaces of dollars and cents, and yet she kept a careful account of receipts and expenditures. She knew how to study values and arrive at wise conclusions in her business affairs. Not long before I left Ocean Park in October she sent for me as she wanted to see me about a personal matter. She had been suffering from an attack of labored breathing, but her mind was clear, and her concentration on the business strong. I offered to write a letter for her, but she said, "No; I can do it."

It follows as a matter of course that Mrs. Whitcomb was practical in her benevolences. She tithed, and doubtless more than tithed. The poor had her sympathy; she lavished on missionary work, home and foreign, and she was a patriot as she watched the war with deep interest, always believing in the final outcome.

I am sure she arranged everything she wanted done after she was gone with the same exact care that she attended to her daily duties.

One day in July I was with her for an hour or more. It was the sweetest experience I had through the whole summer. In a subtle way, which we both understood, she referred to coming events. I said, "Our one hope is God's love, not only for ourselves but for all the world." Her face was illuminated as she very emphatically assented. Unquestioning faith in God's love was her solace through years of suffering. That many-sided, choice spirit knows now as never before what God's love is.

Dover, N. H.

THE BUSINESS WOMAN

It is interesting and gratifying for us as friends to be assured by her business associates that our editor possessed indeed the "rare combination of aesthetic and practical ability." As Helper readers, we appreciate the tribute from Mr. Streeter, who has thus far been known to most of us more by works than by words.—D. E. F.

THE STREETER PRESS

Saco, Maine

As I have had the pleasure of business association for many years with Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb, I would like to express my appreciation of her worth both as woman and editor.

Mrs. Whitcomb was gifted with grace of both personality and mind. She was keenly interested in all matters pertaining to the welfare of humankind, and in her editorship of *The Missionary Helper* she found a congenial field for her energy.

My position as publisher of the magazine made me familiar with her character, her aims and her achievements, and I feel that all those who knew her best have suffered in her death a severe bereavement.

W. L. STREETER

For some time the Shaylor Engraving Company has helped by illustrations to make our magazine real and attractive. For this firm, Mr. J. Bruce McCracken has written a personal letter, but he has answered our request with the permission to "use it in the Memorial Number of the *Missionary Helper*, or in any other way that will show forth the sterling qualities of the Deceased." —D. E. F.

THE SHAYLOR ENGRAVING CO.

Portland, Maine

It is indeed with true sorrow that we acknowledge your letter of the 18th, bringing the news of Mrs. Whitcomb's death, and we feel that we have lost a personal friend in her departure from this earth.

Our dealings with the Deceased were always of the most pleasant and enjoyable. . . . We never had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Whitcomb, but we always noted a pure, strong, personal touch through her letters, and these of business letters which are written without much thought and often hastily. We extend to you her personal friends our sincere sympathy.

J. BRUCE McCracken.

EDITORIAL SUCCESS

By E. Burlingame Cheney

The *Missionary Helper* had become very dear to me during the eight years that I had been its editor, and it was with genuine satis-

faction and trust for its future that in 1894 I hailed as my successor, the daughter of my friend and co-worker Mrs. Mary R. Wade,

Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb

Through our mutual interest in the Helper and Woman's Missionary Society there was at once established a sisterly relationship, upon the beauty of which no shadow has ever fallen. Nellie has proved herself an ideal editor. With the flexible style of an easy, ready writer, she combined knowledge of the Free Baptist denomination, especially of its young people's work and brought to her service a love for the whole world—which is missions embodied.

One of the finest of editorial arts is to be able to inspire readers with the editor's own devotion and enthusiasm. This power Nellie possessed in large degree. Her method of expression was bright, newsy, sympathetic, progressive, devotional, tempered with a retiring modesty.

To the Woman's Missionary Society the Helper, under her care, has been food stimulus and guidance. She has entered into its life in such a way as to make her life and influence immortal. Whatever the future holds for any of us, there will be embodied in it influences that have entered into it from the thoughts she has expressed, the plans she has advocated and the "touch of a vanished hand."

Heaven will seem more homey because Nellie is there. Earth ties will be loosened because she has left us. Her work has come with personal blessing to a large circle of friends and has entered with uplifting power into the life of humanity.

Providence, R. I.

DENOMINATIONAL ACTIVITIES

THE HELPER FOR THE DENOMINATION

By Prof. Alfred Williams Anthony, D. D.

To her services as Editor of The Missionary Helper Mrs. Whitcomb brought a refinement of taste, a skilled and almost poetic diction, a broad, sympathetic appreciation of people and work of many kinds, and undistracted devotion. These words well characterize her life:—modest, simple, sweet-spirited.

In an altogether unostentatious way Mrs. Whitcomb rendered a large contribution to the denomination. So soon as a course of action seemed to her wise, even though it involved departure from accustomed ways, and no little sacrifice of personal choice, she not only committed herself to it, but wisely and tactfully set it forth with voice and pen to persuade others. In the editorial office she has not only disseminated information clearly and convincingly, but she has also served as a leader, loyal to the denominational policies, tact-

fully explaining, and consistently supporting, them. Her gracious influences have been of greater value in the wide circles of the Kingdom of Christ than most of us realize.
New York City.

GENERAL CONFERENCE INTERESTS

By Joseph W. Mauck, Pres. Gen. Conf.

The entrance of Mrs. Whitcomb into the higher life is to one of her consecration and service the beginning of a rich and merited reward. My first thought is that her cheery spirit on earth is nicely fitted to the heaven of joy. This is our solace in our sense of deep loss to us personally, and to the church and all of its interests so dear to her. We instinctively ask who will fill her place, but her own faith is the answer: the Father who gave her to the General Conference as an untiring worker in all that it has stood for, in which she was ever diligent and fruitful, will not leave his people without leaders.

Mrs. Whitcomb in such a peculiar measure entered into the hearts of the members of the Woman's Missionary Society and the priceless service of the "Missionary Helper" that I wish it were possible for me to send to each member a special word of genuine sympathy.

Hillsdale, Michigan.

THANK OFFERING CHAIRMANSHIP

By Mrs. Clara A. Ricker

As Editor of the Helper Mrs. Whitcomb has always by her steadfast love and interest contributed greatly to the success of our Thank Offering Services.

We, who have been so long associated with this work realize of what inestimable value were her suggestions and forethought. Her cheery enthusiasm and confidence in the value and success of the Thank Offering were always an incentive to our committee to put forth their own best efforts.

Three years ago, upon the resignation of our chairman after twenty-two years of continuous service, Mrs. Whitcomb cheerfully assumed this chairmanship, in addition to her numerous other duties, faithfully performing its labors—building upon the sure foundations others had laid, adding little personal touches, such as the "blue and gold" upon the dainty invitations, aimed at making it a permanent institution entering a constantly widening circle of hearts and homes. Deprived of her skilled labor and beautiful companionship, we feel that it will be a great task to successfully carry on this work; but we shall have an extra incentive for faithfulness as we remember the

example of her completed work.

Two others of this committee who have served during its twenty-eight years' existence, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Andrews, have also passed on, and now "our Nellie", but the fragrance of their lives will ever abide with us.

Providence, R. I.

FROM OUR OFFICERS

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

MRS. MARY A. DAVIS

(Honorary President F. B. W. M. S.)

One after another the links drop out that have for more than thirty years bound together, with ties stronger than life, the hearts of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

There are no such words as "eternal separation" in our "Christ's Creed." We can only grasp this feeling of our loneliness for a time, with the faith, that on some brighter, fairer day we shall hear from them "Good Morning", that will last forever. In that faith we bid our dear Editor, cherished Friend, true Comrade, "Good-bye", commending her to our Heavenly Father's love, with the answer "It is well."

"God gave and He took her", you sigh;
Nay, let me bear with you your pain.
"God is generous in giving", say I,
"And whatever He gives, I deny
That He ever takes back again."

Pittsburgh, Pa.

MRS. MAUD WEST KENYON

(Vice President)

The memory of the beautiful life of Mrs. Whitcomb together with her messages of cheer which have greeted us from month to month, will ever be an inspiration to me, and in the lines of the poet, my deepest feelings find expression:

"God calls our-loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in Heaven."

Meredith, N. H.

MRS. NELSINE I. JOSE

(Recording Secretary)

Much might fittingly be said of the many rare and varied qualities of mind and heart which to an unusual degree had been developed by our dear sister. Prominent among them and dominating her every word and act was a calm, abiding confidence in the wisdom

and goodness of her loving Heavenly Father. It was the secret of her strong, helpful life and of her wonderfully triumphant death. Portland, Maine.

MRS. LUCY P. DURGIN
(President)

Only a very few people have I ever known, who, in mind and heart, seemed so ready for the delights and joys of heaven as she, for whom the opening gates give an abundant entrance today. Winnebago, Minn.

FROM THE FIELD

I am thinking of Nellie Wade Whitcomb's many long years of unselfish and able service to the F. B. W. M. S., and of how many of her darker sisters in India and America have had their burdens lightened and their lives enriched because of her devotion to humanity. We of the darker sisterhood need many such, and shall need them for many years to come. C. F. C.

I. CORALIE FRANKLIN COOK

(Trustee and Former Teacher of Storer College)

And so Nellie Wade Whitcomb has gone home! At early morn, they say, the "call" came, and, serenely, as she lived, she went out to answer it and to meet Him she has served with so much love and faith during so many years.

Have I a word to say about her? Yes. To me she always seemed God's own hand-maiden, chosen by Him to do His work in rare, sweet fashion. Frail, gentle and intensely womanly, she gave mind and spirit to service for her fellows.

Never shall I forget the red-letter day when Miss DeMeritte went with me to pay a call and I was ushered into that **upper chamber**, which was Mrs. Whitcomb's study. The books, the curios, the easy chairs, everything within the room went to create an atmosphere of restfulness and charm. It was the little lady herself, however, who drew one and held one as nothing material ever can. Her horizon encompassed humanity. When we talked about Storer College it seemed as if she knew all the teachers and understood all their problems. Instinctively she entered into the lives of the students. She appreciated the handicap of race, the burden of poverty, the slow yet steady advance and the sometime failure which have been characteristic of our half century of freedom. When conversation turned to our foreign field Mrs. Whitcomb was just as much at home with our missionaries and the little widows and orphans. Her tender, pitying heart reached out to them and they were her **sisters**.

This is why I say God used her mightily for His work on earth.

Countless ones of the people of my own race have been helped in their upward struggle by this woman's constant remembrance of their need. Light has been shed upon the darksome paths of those little ones in India because of the gospel light she has helped to keep burning. One may not mourn and grieve for this good woman, rather must one rejoice and be glad that she has lived and achieved. Because her life was full of purpose it became full of meaning. For long, long months we have stood aghast at a straining, and battling for Democracy. This woman was a practical democrat. She practised the Golden Rule and she kept the "New Commandment". Her radiant smile, her warm hand-clasp bespoke the beauty of her spirit to all who were fortunate enough to be called her friends.

Sing, Angel Choir, your welcome song!

Chant victory over sin.

Swing wide, oh pearly gates, swing wide,

And let **my sister** in!

Howard University, Washington, D. C.

II. HENRY T. McDONALD

(President of Storer College)

Storer College owes a peculiar tribute of gratitude to the memory of Mrs. Whitcomb. All the years her belief in our work was constant and genuine. As Editor of THE HELPER, she was vigilant in promoting, as she had opportunity, our best interests. Her pen was busy and her word was sure.

How often do I recall her suggesting some new opening of a Storer interest and the generous pleasure she had in offering the columns of the HELPER to be used as seemed wisest.

To a rather unusual degree she possessed ability to sense and know the value of home mission work. Frequently "missions" is a term interpreted as meaning work only for foreign peoples on foreign soil. Mrs. Whitcomb knew the worth of folks in her native land, and did not eliminate from her mind the people of her home land who need and have needed the gospel of present aid.

And so I say we owe her a special debt of gratitude. Mentioning it here does not pay the debt. It is inscribed on our heart. Harper's Ferry, West Va.

III. JULIA PHILLIPS BURKHOLDER

(Fifty years a Missionary in Bengal-Orissa)

To those of us in the mission, the Helper has been a **real** Helper. Month by month as it came to us, it was as "cold water to a thirsty soul". Mrs. Whitcomb always sent us words of cheer and strength. But for the Helper, sending its appeal to all parts of the nation, I

fear we should never have had Mrs. Holder, Ruth Daniels and Amy Porter, just at the time we so greatly needed them. We can never be thankful enough for the dear little magazine, and most of all for the kind, loving spirit which inspired the pen of her who occupied the editor's chair.

IV. AMY B. COE

(Dean of Women, Storer College)

To the workers in India, the Helper is always a letter from home. In these days, when over-sea separations are common, few need to have that phrase amplified in order to picture the details—the watching, eager devouring, and the re-reading in the quiet moments. It is seldom that any magazine, no matter how welcome, can fill such a place. But to many of the workers in our Bengal-Orissa field, the very name Ocean Park brings some of the choicest of the home memories. Month by month the Helper has come to them, straight from the fragrance of the pines, from that place of quiet vision, of renewing strength through heart fellowship; and the one who worked in the “Sanctum” was enabled to pass on the message with rare fidelity.

I was one who did not know the Home of the Helper before I went to India, but the little magazine brought me a message just the same. Through its pages and the personal words that came at times direct from the Editor, I was able to fill in the background; and when, on return, I first visited the “Sanctum”, I felt I had known it a long time.

It was a joy to see in the Helper how earnestly friends at home were trying to help by definite, understanding prayer, as well as by loving gifts. We loved the dear Editor who gathered up for us choice things from her own rich storehouse.

V. Z. F. GRIFFIN

(Former Missionary at Balasore, India)

A deep feeling of personal loss came to me as I read of the death of Mrs. Whitcomb. She was one of the few friends of the older generation of missionaries who had been spared to us, so we felt that she was a sort of connecting link between those of us whose work is behind so far as direct work in India is concerned, and those who are still active. Of her worth and work others will speak, but none can have a higher appreciation of these than I.
Keuka Park, New York.

VI. LIBBIE C. GRIFFIN

(Former Missionary at Balasore, India)

The first time that I visited with Nellie Wade Whitcomb I was impressed with her deep interest in our India mission and her keen insight into conditions and needs. And always after that when I visited her "Sanctum", in a charming way she at once got down to business. The intelligence of her questions about India and our work proved incidentally that she already understood much, but they proved to me more. They proved that the perfection of her work came not alone from genius, it came too from study. Perhaps that in part was why she was an inspiration, and a practical help to workers who knew her.

The missionaries in Heaven have found the friend that we have lost just for a little time.
Keuka Park, New York.

FROM THE
WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST F. M. SOCIETY

Friendship stands the test of years. And yet in new associations we sometimes find the congeniality which is to mean deep and lasting friendship for the future. We are glad to include in our Helper messages from representatives of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.—D. E. F.

In the recent death of Mrs. Whitcomb the Society has lost a most valuable worker. The editor of the missionary magazine has a wonderful opportunity for reaching the women and strengthening the cause of missions. Mrs. Whitcomb's work throughout the "Missionary Helper" has been signally blessed. It is with great sorrow that we learn of her death.

The sincere sympathy of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Baptist denomination is with those who have been so long associated with her.

LUCY W. PEABODY,
Foreign Vice President.

Beverly, Mass.

It is a real honor and privilege to write a word for the Memorial Number of the Missionary Helper. During the years when I was editor of the Helping Hand, I always read with delight the numbers of the Missionary Helper. It seemed to me that the editor, Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb, was able in a rather unusual way to project into the little magazine an atmosphere of personal interest and contact, so that the subscribers had the feeling that they were reading a personal letter about their work, rather than a formal presentation of the same.

Although the Missionary Helper and the Helping Hand—the two monthly organs of the American Baptist Women—have largely lost

their separate identities, the work which they have done has become a permanent possession of our Baptist constituency.

With sincere greetings to the subscribers of the *Missionary Helper*, and sympathy in their loss of a beloved leader, I am

Faithfully yours,

HELEN B. MONTGOMERY,

Rochester, N. Y.

President.

OUR QUIET HOUR

In a letter mentioning a memorial for our Editor, Miss Waterman says, "What can help make the world more Christ-like than a knowledge of her life and character!"

THE POWER AND FRIENDLINESS OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE

By Edyth R. Porter

From my desk for several years our friend's pictured face has looked out, inspiring and strengthening, and always when looking into it, these words have found expression in my thought, for *she* seemed to be saying them: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." Her words say this in her **Fair Weather Forecast**,—"When I awake I will be still, receptive to Infinite Love, perfect peace, and unfailing strength, by which my spirit, mind and body must daily be quickened, and refreshed."

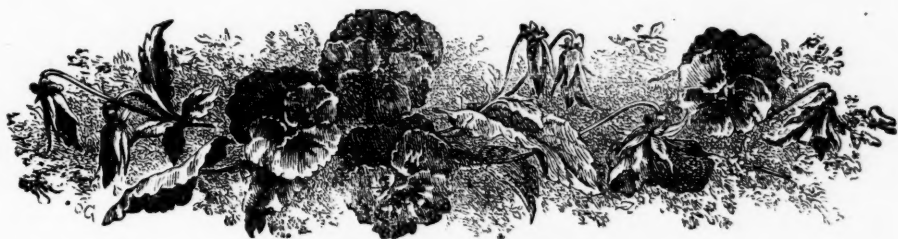
Hers has been a life hid with God in Christ, its strength and beauty being the outward expression of **His** indwelling. How well we, her comrades in service, know the power of this spirit filled life! A tower of strength to us and our work it has always been, and during these past anxious days we have wondered if, unwittingly, we have allowed too heavy a burden of service to fall upon her frail physical shoulders, because in spirit she was so strong. Today the thought of her **continuing work** is with us, for her plans are, and will be, carrying on, while inspirationally her continuing interest will carry on in our hearts and minds.

It is said that friendship, "the triple alliance of the three great powers, Love, Sympathy, and Help, is the nearest thing we know to religion. God is love, and to make religion akin to friendship is simply to give the highest expression conceivable by man." One of the large values of our friend's life was **being the friend**. Living in the intimacy of the Divine friendship, from her presence, acts and words radiated always its royal qualities.

In the immortality of her love and service, we of her comradeship, have a rich legacy, as do all within nearest or farthest distance of her life.

"God never loved us in so sweet a way before.
 'Tis He alone who can such blessings send.
 And when His love would new expression find,
 He brought **her** to us and He said—
 'Behold a friend'."

Peabody, Mass.



To Friendship's Memory.

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts.—Thomas Hughes.

JESSIE L. WATERMAN

I have never had a friend to whom I could more gratefully say:
 "Though all the world were deaf and dark to me,
 And long the night, and bleak the winds and biting,
 I know full well that you would hark to me,
 And set my path with lamps of Love's glad lighting.

"You are my friend, for you have smiled with me,
 My help and hope in fair and stormy weather;
 I like you for the joys you've whiled with me,
 I love you for the griefs we've wept together."

This poem represents the words which Miss Waterman would speak in memory of Mrs. Whitcomb, but to this she has added a very real and earnest tribute, in her loving work on the Memorial Helper for our Editor and friend. Her untiring service in helping to make such an issue possible speaks truly of the real meaning of her friendship, and of the character of the "Editor-Friend" who deserved it.

D. E. F.

HENRY M. FORD

Words are so poor to express the very great esteem in which Mrs. Whitcomb was held by those who knew her best. A beautiful woman in person, she was still more beautiful in spirit. Richly endowed mentally, she was still more richly endowed spiritually. She will feel perfectly at home in Heaven because she knew Heaven be-

fore she went, and Heaven knew her. For her nothing can be regretted. For us, her absence makes it lonely.

MRS. S. C. G. AVERY

Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb, our dearly loved sister and co-worker "has entered into rest".

"Rest! rest, how full of meaning is the word.
Oh, rest is sweet, when, at the close of day,
All wearied with the busy cares of life,
We shut the door upon the world, and in
The sheltering warmth of home, the burdens that
So heavy seem, lay down.

Sweet, sweet indeed

"To rest, to many a weary toiler in
The world's broad fields, who, from the early morn
To dewy eve, is scattering seed upon
The arid waste. But what a rest is that
To her who, at the close of life—a life
Filled up with helpful words and deeds,—lays
Down her armor bright, and rests in heaven.

"Farewell! dear sister, we
Have loved thee well, for many a happy year.
But thou hast gone before us to the land
Above, and left the shadows darkening round
Our paths. God grant that when we're called
To join Death's pallid throng, that we, like thee,
May go, 'As one who wraps the drapery of
His couch about him and lies down in peace
To pleasant dreams'."

(Taken from poems of the late Mrs. J. A. Lowell, First Cor. Sec. F. B. W. M. S.,
by her niece, Mrs. Avery).

MRS. O. W. FULLAM

Mrs. Whitcomb possessed a womanly personality. The keynote of her life was usefulness, and she was a heroine in Christian service. As she had a broad knowledge of all mission work, she was an aggressive worker in interesting others. Because she lived in close touch with the Father, she was an ardent promoter of Home and Foreign missions. She has gone; her influence lives on

GERTRUDE HARTLEY

That it has been given me to know for so long and with some intimacy "Our Lady of the Sanctum" is a privilege the value of which

re- I am daily appreciating more keenly. That in its plastic years my
co- life felt the touch of that fragile, forceful spirit has meant more to
me than mere words can express. In these days when we are sens-
ing anew something of what the priceless friendship of Mrs. Whit-
comb has meant to us, what of faith and courage and inspiration
she has brought to us in the past, the least we can do is to make the
only kind of return which ever appealed to her and resolve that so
far as in us lies we will pass it on. For the future—one who has
once held a place in the heart-interest of Mrs. Whitcomb can never
lose it; and if it is with a stab of pain we realize that we will not
again find her waiting smilingly for us at busy desk, by the open
fire or on the shady porch, we can know, thank God, that she still
smiles—and waits.

MRS. MYRA J. FULTZ

What a beautiful, beautiful meeting
As the pearly gates opened wide.
What a beautiful, beautiful greeting
With the loved on the Other Side.
All the beautiful years of this earth-life
Which she gave of her Savior's love.
Trying to cheer and help others
To her beautiful Home above.

What beautiful, beautiful fragrance
From the flowers of her earthly life,
What beautiful words of comfort
She gave to lessen earth's strife,
What thought in beautiful poems
Fell from her written page,
Left here for us to treasure
Through all the coming age.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful spirit,
Gone from our earthly sight.
Our loss is your beautiful entrance
To your home of love and light.
We will meet again in the morning,
Our beautiful sister dear,
And we'll try to follow the footsteps
You walked while with us here.

MRS. M. S. GETCHELL

When I visited dear Mrs. Whitcomb in her Study, I felt that I

was in a sacred place as I thought of many of the precious sayings which had been penned there. How we will prize her Editorials as we read them in the back numbers of the Helper. Some of her last words to us were, "Always to be continued, never to be concluded, are the life and love that are rooted in Jesus Chrsit." Her life and love were rooted there and because of this, her influence and memory will be a benediction to all who knew her and oh, what a host of friends will mourn her loss! "It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends."

MRS. LAURA E. HARTLEY
(Cradle Roll Sec. F. B. W. M. S.)

Mrs. Whitcomb was deeply interested in all the work for the children and was always a constant source of inspiration and helpfulness. Her sweet spirit and sunny smile gave one renewed courage and a fresh impetus for work. Her life had the charm of one who forgets self in thought for others, her influence will make all life seem greater to those who knew and loved her.

MRS. SARAH SEARLE FORD

Mrs. Whitcomb had such genius for discovering the beautiful and heroic and such enthusiasm in portraying them that she made life very rich to us who knew and loved her. We can only guess with what words she would describe the life that is now hers, but we know earth is poorer for her going away.

KATE J. ANTHONY

Today looking at a rare gem as it was turned at different angles, watching the marvelous play of color and beauty at every turn, the thought flashed through my mind—how like to this rare gem was our beloved Editor, revealing beauty of heart and soul, and character and life at every turn and angle.

Before I met her I had grown to admire and love her through her poems and writings. She sang her way into many hearts not privileged to know her as we, who learned how truly her life was a living poem of sweetness and strength and beauty and inspiration. I thank God for having known her and for my treasure memories.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE

We would thank thee, oh our Father,
For her tender words of cheer,
For her high and holy purpose,
For her helpfulness while here.

We would thank thee for her service,
For the work that she has done,
For the lives her own uplifted,
For the sheaves that she has won.

We would ask her bright example
Call us upward, day by day.
May the lives that she was moulding
Crown her in that coming day.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE

for

MRS. NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB

An impressive and inspiring service—it was such a fitting way to glorify what Dr. Hamlen calls “Her Crowning Day.” If it emphasized the sadness of friends, still it brought us together as friends, to realize that we are all working together toward one goal—a goal which is more definite and more vital because it has been set forth and made tangible by her Christian life. We were inspired by her example, to raise our own standards; we were so impressed by her greatness and her dearness that all are ready to attempt the responsibility of her cares, and to “carry on” what she has so surely established.

The service seemed a meeting place for the works which were her friends, and in loving memory were represented a few of her many interests.

Scripture and prayer were beautifully and appropriately offered by Rev. Horace H. Hayes of Saco. A number of years ago, at Dover, Maine, Mr. Hayes was Mrs. Whitcomb's pastor, at the church where she and her family were active members, and where Mr. Wade was deacon.

As almost the last of Mrs. Whitcomb's words and thoughts were of music which was to greet her, and as her life has been by so many likened to a “song”, it was right that we her friends should share the Hymn “Lead Kindly Light”, as it was brought to us by Mrs. Nellsine Jose, her co-worker, and Mr. Albert Armstrong, a near neighbor and a willing friend of Mrs. Whitcomb and her sister at Ocean Park.

The words spoken at that time by Helper and Missionary friends were such that it was a privilege to listen, and for those friends who were prevented that day from being where their thoughts and interests were, we are printing a brief account of the earnest and heartfelt praise and appreciation which they brought.

The first tribute sent by Miss Harriet A. Deering who was un-

able to be present, was read by Mrs. Ethel Demeritt, one who is familiar to all Ocean Park, and who has for years been associated with Mrs. Whitcomb, so that the appreciation might well have been her own expression.—D. E. F.

HARRIET A. DEERING

Only **Love** can bring a fitting tribute to our dear friend, and each one of us gathered here today is silently and unconsciously bringing her own personal and individual tribute of loving remembrance and laying it reverently before her, as we bring gifts to those we love.

These gifts are memories that run back through long years of friendship, memories of hours or of moments spent with her, memories of her gentleness, of her loving sympathy, of the sunshine of her smile of greeting. She had a genius for making friends, and we all loved her for what she was,—for the joyous spirit in her that loved the sunshine, the flowers, the birds, and little children—and all beauty everywhere. We loved her for **herself**, for the charm of her personality,—for her strong faith, her glad hope, and for her beautiful spiritual outlook, learned from the Master himself, her dearest Friend.

The world for us today has a little less sunshine for her leaving us. Ocean Park with its woods and walks will be a little more lonesome, our Woman's Missionary meetings will always have a vacant chair, and our dear Missionary Helper, through which she sent us her monthly greeting and words of inspiration, will never be the same.

But the contact of spirit with spirit shall still go on, and we pray that her loving and uplifting influence over our lives may only increase with the coming years.

LENA SWEET FENNER

Words are clumsy things when applied to a subject so fair and so fragile. Though direct from earth, Mrs. Whitcomb goes fit to Heaven. Though the lily-like petals of her life have unfolded amidst the miasmas of this world she passes unsoiled through the Gates. Though her life was spent in thinking big thoughts and doing—in a quiet way—big deeds, she always had time and thought for little things—the little things in the lives of others. She possessed ability in an unusual degree to put herself in the place of another and share an experience with the keenest discernment and appreciation. Self was last.

If this event comes as a surprise to her many friends it is because the alarm of failing strength, the nights of suffering, the days of

anxiety were omitted from the pages of the Helper. Her last editorials filled with buoyant cheerfulness can only be understood in the light of the Now. A second reading will thrill one with its "sure word of prophecy." She writes thus on the thirteenth of October, as though clearly seeing the thirteenth of November.

As Editor of our Missionary Magazine, she has given it an exquisite touch so unique that it has been a joy, its work a success, and she herself beloved by hundreds and thousands of people the world around.

May the incense of her life long hover low to sweeten the atmosphere of this world. And may her serene and triumphant faith still lead us on into the halo of God's sunshine in which she ever lived, and toward which she still beckons us.

MAY MALVERN

God gives to the world some lives that continually radiate light and heat, filling the world with brightness and cheer. Such lives reveal the fruitage of fellowship with God. Such a life was that of our friend. Her presence was a revelation of the indwelling Christ and an inspiration and joy to those with whom she came in contact. Her power of personality was simply the Christ life shining out in her. There was not one artificial feature in her life, nor was there anything superficial. She thought much and deeply. The mind of Christ dwelt in her richly, hence the rare beauty of her thinking and expression. Such a life is worth while. It is the only one that really pays.

May the memory of this beautiful life lead us every one of the Helper family to a devouter consecration to God and a greater love for humanity! May there come to us a larger enthusiasm and a deeper desire to fulfil God's will! And may there be cultivated the graces which adorned her life and a more implicit reliance upon our Father and Savior and Friend! When life's eventide comes, may our day have been as well spent!

"Beside the dead I knelt in prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed
Lo! it was Jesus standing there;
He smiled, "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death,
we know;

"Restore again to life," I said,
"This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled, "She is not dead."

"Yet our beloved seem so far,
The while we yearn to feel them
near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."
He smiled, "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that
they
Still walk unseen with us and Thee.
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"
He smiled, "Abide in Me."

—Rossiter W. Raymond.

ALFRIEDA M. MOSHER

Only five years have I been officially connected with Mrs. Whitcomb as a fellow-worker on the Helper. But it seems to me that I should always have wished to work with her, because she always worked for causes most worth working for. Whatever could contribute to awakening higher desires in people, and to giving them larger vision, she instinctively recognized as her work. Equal Suffrage, temperance, the race problem, home and foreign missions in general, and the mission interests of the F. B. W. M. S in particular were among the activities for which she labored.

Mrs. Whitcomb had a singular faculty in discriminating material from spiritual values, transient from eternal. She showed this faculty, not only in regard to objective situations, but subjectively to the ordering of her most intimate personal life. And above all, her spirit sang and soared joyously above every storm.

It must have often required wonderful spiritual courage to keep on singing. She was frail and delicate, obliged to forego much that makes life pleasant, but she found her joy in the delights of the spirit. Indeed she seemed to give little heed to her body. But while so unmindful of her own discomforts, she was very sympathetic with the troubles of others.

When I came to work with Mrs. Whitcomb on the Helper I found her just what I would have expected—patient, considerate, reasonable. She did not always see things as some others did, and she did not always yield when she did not. She was too strong a woman for that. But she never tried unduly to impose her ideas upon others, and she was never egoistic. She listened to the presentation of other points of view with fairness and courtesy, and one always came away from an exchange of opinions with her not merely feeling great respect for her, but with one's own understanding clarified, regardless of whether individual opinions had been changed or not.

All Helper readers know how directly personal every message that she sent through its pages was. She knew instinctively what individuals and groups needed, what would give them cheer, joy, and courage. In every letter to me, as in every message to a reading audience, there was a song. Sometimes it was some light-hearted message, sometimes a remark that threw light on some big social problem, sometimes a word of sympathy or encouragement. You all know how these songs sung into the hearts of thousands will be sung on by them into the lives of thousands of thousands.

I can conceive of no more fitting, no more acceptable tribute that those of us who wish to honor her memory can bring, than to pledge ourselves to contribute as we may to the furtherance of causes to which she would give herself, were she still among us.

HER CROWNING DAY

Rev. George H. Hamlen

In Revelation 2:10 are these words: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life." I like to think of these words as applying to our sister. Truly she was "faithful unto death", and hers is the "crown of life." We are gathered here to add our little share to that crown—our tribute to one whose life has meant so much to us.

I think of the world as being a better place because our sister lived in it. I have been acquainted with her since our first furlough, fifteen years ago, and have esteemed her highly. One of the first things to impress me was her cheerfulness—even when suffering pain. Cheerfulness seemed to radiate from her. It was seen especially in her smile. Always ready, quick and sunny, how it radiated her face, and "did good like a medicine!"

She was quick to see the worth of others' work, the good things about them, the things that she could commend. And she showed her appreciation in word and manner. During our stay in India we greatly prized the monthly visits of our little magazine. I never read it without first reading the editorial notes to get the editor's "side-lights" on what followed. Her personal letters and her conversation were just as full of little touches of friendly appreciation.

Perhaps the quality that most impressed me as I learned to know her better was her courage. I remember calling to see her on a matter of common interest last summer. Knowing that she was far from well, I inquired after her health. She replied that the doctors had told her that her disease was incurable, that she might go soon, and could not possibly live more than three years. Then she added with a bright smile, "But I'm not afraid. And the doctor says that is a great reason why I get along so well, and will live the longer." Courage that makes one fearless like that seems to me of the highest sort.

Another quality was her hopefulness. Perhaps good cheer and good courage produced this. And her hope was of the kind to inspire hope in others, for it was well-grounded. Hope for the present and the future seemed to be a part of our sister's life.

She was devoted to her work, because of her love and devotion to her Master, who gave it to her. And we who were helped by what she did, especially on the mission field, know something of how great was her contribution to what we were trying to do. We always felt that she was one with us in all the joys and sorrows, the difficulties and the victories of that which we all love.

I have witnessed the parting scenes that death brings to those without our faith. Indifference and hopelessness are their marked

characteristics. But we "sorrow not as those who have no hope." We can look beyond the end of this earthly life without fear. Such was the experience of our sister. On the Sunday morning before she finally fell asleep, she awoke and asked for paper and pencil. On it she wrote, "I dreamed last night that I heard the conductor call out 'All aboard for Morningside'—a lovely name for the first station over there." Surely one with such anticipations was not disappointed when her Lord came to conduct her home.

She was solicitous for the comfort of others to the end. Just a short time before she went, in one of the spells when it was hard for her to get her breath, and the windows had been opened, she urged those in the room to put on extra clothing lest they catch cold. Yet with it the sense of the nearness of that which we call "the other world" was vivid. As some relief came from one of the most trying of her times of difficult breathing, she said to the nurse, "It is almost time for the music to begin."

And the music has begun for her. It began while she was still with us, and goes on fuller and clearer as she enters upon the life at home with the Lord. The first seven verses of the 20th chapter of Revelation give an inspired picture of that home-life. The 7th verse reads, "He that overcometh shall inherit these things: and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." And thus, crowned with life, a daughter in the home of our Father, we think of her today. The world is better for her living in it. And heaven has added attraction for us who knew her, because she is there.

Mrs. Whitcomb's real farewell to us was quoted by Mr. Armstrong who, by his reading emphasized the beauty of her written verses. Through his voice, she said her comforting words.

"Safe in His sheltering love I lie
Love that is over and under pain."

And then we left her,

"Facing toward the Brightness, out
through lanes of whiteness,
Lilies, lilies, lilies, all the way to God."

D. E. F.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"Information Means Transformation"

TOPICS FOR 1918-1919

September—Acquaintance Party.

October —Oriental Housekeepers.

November —Christian Americanization.

December —Oriental Women in Industry.

January —Broadening Horizons.

February —I. Prayer and Praise. II. Christian Literature.

March —Story of the Trail Makers.

April —A Congress of Women.

May —Thank Offering

June —Training Camps in the Orient.

July —Field Day.

JANUARY—Broadening Horizons.

We cannot believe in Christ for ourselves, unless we believe in Him for all the world. The more deeply we believe in Him for ourselves, the more certain we shall be that He is the Savior of the world.

—Phillips Brooks.

Suggestive Program

OPENING HYMN—"Oh Highly Favored People." (Missionary Hymnal, page 21.

SCRIPTURE LESSON—Luke 4: 16-21; Gal. 3: 26-28.

PRAYER—Ephesians 3: 14-21 (repeated in concert).

THE LESSON: Women Workers of the Orient, Chapter III.

Questionnaire:

- (1) What three evidences that Moslem men are broadening their ideas regarding women? See outline of Chapter 3 and pp. 82-85 (six minutes, three speakers).
- (2) What four signs of broadening horizon of Moslem women does Miss Burton mention? See chapter outline and pp. 85-92 (ten minutes, four speakers).
- (3) What exceptional difficulties beset the women of India? pp. 92-93 (two minutes, one speaker).

- (4) Mention five encouraging signs of change. (1) p. 94; (2) p. 96; (3) pp. 97-99; (4) p. 100; (5) pp. 100-101 (ten minutes, five speakers).

RECITATION—Our responsibility, p. 119.

"Days of Broadening horizons, . . . our greatest opportunities are still before us."

SOLO—"They are Coming." (Missionary Hymnal, p. 70).

READING—"In Loving Adoration." (Missionary Hymnal, p. 23).

PRAYERS for the successful efforts of our missionaries and of Oriental women, closing with prayer by the leader.

SINGING—"Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning." (Missionary Hymnal, p. 26.)

JUNIORS

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

Be joyous, little children,	And don't forget the needy,
On this dear day of days,	The children, large and small,
And scatter smiles like sunbeams	Who at this merry season
Along the household ways.	Will have no gift at all.
Oh, let no angry word be heard,	Oh, let each lonely little life
No frowning brow be found,	With joy one day be crowned,
For Christmas time is loving time	For Christmas time is giving time
The whole glad earth around.	The whole glad earth around.

—Selected.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S MESSAGE

By Edna Augusta Folsom

"Don't cry so, Marjorie. You will wake mother, and you know the doctor said if she slept real well, perhaps she would be better in the morning," said ten-year-old Dick, as he wrapped a blanket more closely around his little sister, and drew her into the big arm-chair beside him.

"But I'm so cold and hungry," sobbed the little girl, "and it's the night before Christmas, too."

"I know it," answered her brother, "but if you'll stop crying, tomorrow we'll go and look at all the pretty things in the store windows, and after mother gets well, we'll have a real Christmas party even if it is a little late."

"Dick," whispered Marjorie, "will I have a doll of my very own?" As Dick nodded, the child snuggled down on her brother's arm, and was soon fast asleep dreaming of Santa Claus and his reindeer, of games and toys, and best of all, of a doll "all her own."

Not so with her older brother who was now the man of the

family, since father had gone away to France. Dick had learned many things the last few weeks. He knew that it took a great deal of money to buy wood and food. He knew too, that there was not enough wood to keep a fire during the next day, and that day was going to be Christmas. Dick knew that his mother had been working too hard from early in the morning until late at night, and that that was why she had come home the week before so tired and ill. Dick knew all these things and many more, and he sat there near the fire, tired and discouraged, wondering what they could do.

Bye-and-bye he heard the clock in the nearby church strike twelve, and then such a strange and wonderful thing happened. Suddenly the dark night began to grow shining and bright. The sky seemed filled with angels, and the air was full of the sweetest and most beautiful music—the music of the angels who were singing again the song they sang more than nineteen hundred years ago, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.” Then as Dick watched very closely, he saw a gleaming path leading straight from the angels to his window, and on this path was walking a beautiful boy dressed in white and shining clothes, a boy whose face was so kind and tender that Dick knew at once that it must be the Christ-Child. Nearer and nearer, almost to the window, the little Christ-Child came. Then he called softly, “Dick, Dick, fear not, I am with you, lo I am with you **always**.” Then as the lights grew dim and the little Christ-Child seemed to fade gently away toward Heaven, Dick heard a far-away voice saying, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me”

It was early morning, and as Dick rose sleepily from his chair, he realized what a wonderful dream he had had—a dream he could never forget. **Now** he was not discouraged, for had not the Christ-Child promised to be with him? **Now** it was easy to work about the simple home, and to care for mother and Marjorie, for he was doing it for the little Christ too. It was not long before mother and sister caught his cheerfulness, and already mother seemed better.

Just then there was a knock at the door, and a lady and ten little girls came in, bringing so many baskets and packages that it seemed as if Santa Claus himself must be coming. “Merry Christmas!” they shouted. “Merry Christmas!” The lady went up to mother’s couch and spoke to her. “All these little girls are in my Sunday School class, and we heard that you were too ill to plan any Christmas surprises for your little folks this year, so will you let us help a little just this once?” **What** could mother say? There on the table was a tiny Christmas tree which the little girls were loading with gifts, and beneath the tree were fruit and jellies and other things that the mother had been wanting. And just then a horse drawing a load of wood

came into the yard.

"How can we ever thank you?" said the happy mother, as she saw Marjorie holding her "very own" doll lovingly.

"I'll tell you how," said the teacher, smiling, as she stood at the door. "Just help somebody else whenever you can. Our Sunday School class has chosen for its motto, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

"Why," said Dick, wonderingly, "the little Christ-Child must have spoken to them too."



A Summer Christmas Tree at Ocean Park.

EVERY DAY'LL BE CHRISTMAS BYE-AND-BYE.

By Mary A. L. Easton

The happiest day in all the year is— Ask any child, if you cannot answer at once yourself. There is no doubt in any of their minds. Some little children I am with almost every day would like to talk about Santa Claus and all the other happy parts of Christmas every day in the year.

For older people a year is much too short an interval to think of and prepare gifts, but for little folks—well, a year and a lifetime are about synonymous.

In Miss Emma G. Pierce's Primary Methods Class at Ocean Park this last July, a very happy solution of the Christmas problem was found. The children on the grounds were invited for two afternoons to the Headquarters Building to make chains, jointed teddy bears, scrap books, toys, dolls, and all the things that go with a Christmas Tree. It was a very happy band of little folks that were kept

very busy inside the building, out of the worst heat of the summer. The Primary Teachers of Miss Pierce's class assisted the little folks, and the result was wonderful, considering the very short time spent in preparation.

Then came the great day. Wednesday afternoon at five was set for the time of the Summer Christmas Tree. All delegates to the Missionary Education Conference and all people on the grounds were invited, and a goodly number of people big and little gathered around the Evergreen Tree in front of Headquarters Building, which had kindly consented to be the Christmas Tree. It looked very gay and festive with the bright colored paper chains, dolls, pictures, and toys swinging in the breeze.

Governor Milliken's son, Carl Jr., gave the welcome, and then followed Christmas songs and recitations by the children. Miss Pierce told the story of "The Little Boy who Lost Christmas." The exercises ended with prayer and benediction by Rev. A. M. Parker, President of the Conference.

But why all this celebration? Well, that's the best part of all. The little folks had a good time, which was no small matter, but beyond that some other little folks are going to have another good time soon. The gifts were made for the little children in India and given to our Missionary, Miss Gowen, to take back with her in time for their Christmas Tree. While the children were working, one little fellow worked so hard and seemed to take such an unusual interest that the teacher feared he expected to take home the toy he was making. When he finished, he held it up and looked at it with a very satisfied smile, and said, "There, I guess some little boy or girl in India will like that." He understood the meaning of a Summer Christmas Tree, and I'm sure all the others did, too. The little Christmas Tree didn't have to die to be a Christmas Tree, either. It is still growing, and intends to be a bigger Christmas Tree next year.

Do you know any little tree that would like to be a Summer Christmas Tree?

Providence, R. I.

NOTE:—Miss Emma G. Pierce, Providence, R. I., will be glad to answer any questions about gifts or other details.

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